

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL 4.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1869.

NO. 10.

THE BABOON.

In the last number we gave you an engraving of an Ourang-Outang; in this number the picture is of a BABOON. They both belong to the family of the *Quadrumana*, called so from being four handed. These animals generally possess thumbs, or members which bear the same relationship to their fingers that the thumb of man does to his fingers. There is no class of the lower animals which has excited so much interest as the *Quadrumana*, or monkey tribes, composed, as they are, of races having some resemblance to man.

There have been men in the world who have contended that men and monkeys belong to the same species. One, so-called, learned man gives a description of an ape, to which he assigns every grace and virtue, and affirms that these animals would speak if they were not afraid of being compelled to labor. It is said that Linnaeus, a man very noted for his knowledge of plants and animals, fancied that a monkey was not far below a man, and that he might be refined until he became a man. A theory of this kind, called the Darwinian theory, after the name of Professor Darwin, is believed by some at the present time. According to this theory, man is an advanced kind of gorilla or ape! By a natural law of progression, according to this theory, he has gained

step by step from the degraded condition in which the monkey tribes now are, until he has reached his present condition!

What folly men will believe, when they neglect God and follow the vain imaginations of their own minds! If they knew anything true about God and themselves, they would understand that instead of being the descendants of a monkey or gorilla, they are the children of God, and that they sprang

from him. Their parentage is divine, and they should look up to it, and not down to the brutes.

In the East Indies and in other places in Asia, animals of this race have been raised in the minds of the people to the rank of gods, and they have made them objects of worship. We read of one temple that had a portico for receiving victims sacrificed to a monkey, which had no fewer than seven hundred columns. It is stated that when the Portuguese plundered one of these monkey palaces in the island of Ceylon, they found the tooth of an ape in a

small gold casket; and in such veneration was the relic held by the natives, that they offered 700,000 ducats to redeem it, but it was burnt by order of the viceroy.

It is difficult to conceive how an intelligent man could bring himself to believe that there was any relationship between him



and the animal in our engraving to-day! The Baboon does not resemble man, however, as much as the ourang-outang. They are large, fierce and formidable, not easily tamed, even though confined for a long time. Look at the face of this one in the picture and you will plainly see fierceness and brutality there.

In their native haunts they subsist on roots and berries, and partly on eggs, insects, and scorpions; but in cultivated districts they make incursions into the fields and gardens, where they commit the greatest depredations on the fruit and grain. They congregate in groups, and are bold and skilful in their predatory excursions, maintaining their ground even against large parties of men; and it is remarked that "a troop of them will sometimes form a long chain, extending from the vicinity of their ordinary habitation to the garden or field which they happen to be engaged in plundering, and that the produce of their theft is pitched from hand to hand, till it reaches its destination in the mountains."

In Siam, these animals frequently sally forth in astonishing multitudes, to attack the villages, when the laborers are occupied in the rice harvest. They then plunder the dwellings of all the food on which they can lay their hands.

A baboon, called Kees, in the possession of the celebrated traveler, Le Vaillant, was rendered serviceable to him in more ways than one. Kees drew roots from the ground by a method which was, at once very ingenious and amusing. When he laid hold of the herbage with his teeth, he placed his fore feet against the ground, and drew back his head, in order to pull out the root; he thus sometimes tasked his whole strength; if this did not succeed, he then laid hold of the leaves as close to the ground as possible, and threw himself heels over head; this expedient gave such a concussion to the root, that it never failed to produce the desired effect. Le Vaillant turned this trick of the baboon to his own advantage. "I made Kees," he says, "my taster. Whenever we found fruits or roots, with which my Hottentots were unacquainted, we did not touch them till he had tasted them. If he threw them away, we concluded that they were either of a disagreeable flavor or of a pernicious quality, and left them untouched." But Kees, like the rest of his race, was sufficiently sagacious, whenever he pleased, to make a broad distinction between mine and thine. In proof of this, Le Vaillant says:—"I often took Kees with me when I went hunting; and when he saw me preparing for sport, he exhibited the most lively demonstrations of joy. On the way, he would climb into the trees to look for gum, of which he was very fond. Sometimes he discovered honey, deposited in hollow trees, or in the clefts of rocks. But if he happened to have met with neither honey nor gum, and his appetite had become sharp by running about, I always witnessed a very ludicrous scene. In such cases he looked for roots, which he ate with great eagerness, especially a particular kind, which, to his cost, I also found to be very well tasted and refreshing, and therefore insisted on sharing with him. But Kees was no fool. Whenever he found such a root, and I was not near enough to seize upon my share, he devoured it in the greatest haste, keeping his eyes all the while riveted on me. He generally measured the distance I had to pass before I could get to him, so that I was almost sure of coming up too late. Sometimes, however, when he had made a mistake in his calculation, I came upon him sooner than he expected; he then endeavored to hide the root; in this case I compelled him, by a box on the ear, to give me up my share. But this treatment caused no malice between us; we remained as good friends as ever."

THE more you draw from the well of truth the clearer the water becomes.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Little Willie,

LITTLE WILLIE GROWN TO MANHOOD.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER leaving the old stable and its numerous inhabitants, Willie went to Knaresborough, where he arrived soon after daylight. There he met with a kind friend who gave him some refreshment. The refreshment consisted of bread and water. Willie's friend was very poor; bread and water was the best he could bestow: hence, roast beef, plum puddings and dainties would have been received with no greater degree of thankfulness.

Early one morning Willie started out for the city of Ripon, a distance of thirteen miles; he passed through Harrogate and a little village called Little Wonder. In the latter place he distributed some tracts and then resumed his journey. After arriving at the city he also distributed tracts, and spent several hours in visiting from house to house, embracing every opportunity of bearing his testimony to the truth.

Towards evening, finding no place where he could obtain lodging for the night, he turned his steps to Brother W's, the spot where he started from in the morning. Brother W. was a faithful man in the Church; but his wife was opposed to the Latter-day Saints and their principles. Still she was kind to Willie. As he bent his steps towards his night's resting place, his soul was wrapped in thought. He walked along the road-side in the stillness of the night, thinking of the labors of the day just past, the long and weary miles that he had traveled, the families that he had visited, the frowns that he had met, and the scorn that he had endured, and all for the truth's sake. He thought of the world's ingratitude in persecuting the servants of God; hating those who labored most for their good; seeking the very life's blood of those who alone could open the door of salvation to them.

The ancient prophets suffered and died for the truth. Jesus was hunted from place to place; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and, finally, He was crucified. His disciples were worn out in the cause of truth. The world spake evil of them. They were pilgrims traveling to the better land, cheered by the glorious hope which strengthened them to bear all that a wicked world could heap upon them. These thoughts dispelled the gloom that was gathering around Willie's mind, and cheered him in his weariness. He desired God to give him wisdom, fit him for his service, and strengthen him for the work before him.

As Willie traveled along he was occasionally reminded in a very forcible manner of the pitiful condition of his feet, by his toes suddenly coming into too close and unpleasant contact with the rougher portions of the road, in consequence of the large holes in the toes of his boots.

It was very late when he arrived at Brother W's, and so weary that he could scarcely drag one foot after the other. As soon as he arrived he retired to bed.

That night Willie prayed that God would put it into the heart of some person to get his boots mended. Next morning as he passed down stairs Mrs. W. fixed her attention upon Willie's boots. She watched every motion of his feet till Willie became conscious of her scrutinizing glance. Finally she exclaimed, "well Mr. W. if I was a member of a church in which the preacher wore such boots as these, (pointing at Wil-

lie's) I should be ashamed and try to get them fixed." At the close of this last remark she called up a little boy and sent him for the shoemaker, who answered her summons, and thoroughly repaired Willie's boots. The circumstance reminded Willie of his prayer the night before, and he felt to thank God not only for getting his boots mended; but for this direct answer to his prayer. He thought that this was a plain evidence that God acknowledged him in his mission, and listened to him when he prayed, which was a source of great comfort to him in his labors.

Soon after this Elder B. was appointed to labor in connection with Willie, and under his direction. The prospect of a fellow laborer, and a companion in his toils, was very gratifying to his feelings.

They met at Knaresboro. Next morning, with portmanteau in hand, filled with books and pamphlets, they started for Borough Bridge, which is a very ancient village, and of considerable size. In the suburbs can be seen Roman pavement, which was laid during the time the Romans held power in England. There are many other curiosities in this neighborhood.

In this village Willie and his companion distributed tracts, and spent two or three hours in visiting among the people. It was now two o'clock p.m. and both were very hungry. Willie's companion enquired where they would be likely to get dinner. Willie did not know. Soon they had to leave the village and still no prospect of dinner. After walking about a mile, in the direction of Ripon, they came to a grist mill, and a nice private residence. The question again occurred, "where shall we get dinner?"

Willie answered "I do not know," and continued, "will you take a pamphlet, go to that house, and ask them to read it? also tell them that we are servants of the Lord sent to preach the gospel without purse or scrip, and that if they will give us something to eat as such, they shall in no wise lose their reward."

B.—"I will go."

He took a pamphlet and started for the house, followed by Willie. Knock, knock, went the raps on the door. A servant girl appeared.

B.—"Can we see the master of the house?"

Servant.—"No, sir, the master is not at home; but the mistress is within. Shall I call her?"

B.—"If you please."

Madam appeared, and Willie's companion addressed her as Willie had directed, almost word for word.

Mistress.—"In what denomination are you ministers?"

B.—"In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Mistress.—"I do not wish to read anything about the Latter-day Saints; but I will give you a piece of bread."

She got a loaf of bread, cut off a very small piece as if in mockery, and passed it to him.

B.—"There are two of us, madam."

The lady then cut another small piece about like the first.

Willie and his companion then went to the city of Ripon and held a meeting at the cross in the market place. The cross is to be found in most of the old towns in England, and consists of a high pillar, composed of rock, with four flights of steps, one on each of the four sides of the base.

Willie and his companion ascended the steps. Many people gathered around them, and listened attentively to their remarks. Some seemed interested. One gentleman invited them to supper; but they could get no bed that night. After supper they left town and walked two or three miles into the country, and came to a hay field where there was an abundance of new hay. Here they made a bed of hay, and then retired to sweet repose.

Wm. W. B.

A BEAR STORY.

"OUR Boys and Girls" gives the following account of the antics of a pet bear. He was captured when a little cub, and was brought up by hand as one of the family. He claimed the warmest place on the hearth-stone, and nestled in cold weather with the dogs before the fire. None of the pet animals about the farm were tamer than he; and none better loved to climb into his master's lap and receive his caress, or understood the whims of his mistress when begging for a choice morsel. He was of a prying disposition, and forever peeping into every hole, so the family were obliged to lock up every thing, even the closets where they kept their clothing. If a hen cackled when an egg was laid, Mr. Bear understood it; and if he was not prevented, he would very soon find it and suck it before the cackling fowl had ceased her song.

One Sunday the family went to church, and left the bear alone at home. Bruin improved the opportunity, and rummaged all over the house in search of fun or something to eat. Unfortunately, the good housewife had left the cellar door unlocked and ajar; and it was not long before the bear discovered it and crept down the stairs. Once down in the cellar, he espied the molasses barrel; and if there was any thing in the house he was excessively fond of, it was molasses or honey. Bruin pawed over the barrel, licked the tightly driven bung, and was about abandoning it in despair when he espied the spile. Grasping it with his strong teeth, he easily withdrew it, and out came the molasses in a stream, to the great delight of the bear, who clapped his mouth to the hole with grunts of self-satisfaction.

The molasses still flowed, and still the bear kept his mouth to the orifice, pausing now and then to take a long breath. At length he was full; his stomach could hold no more; yet his appetite was not satisfied. He squatted on his haunches and viewed the still running stream with disgust, to think that the supply was so abundant, and that, alas! he could hold no more! The molasses had now run out in a large quantity, and had formed a great pool on the floor; but Bruin dived into it, and rolled himself a thousand times in the thick fluid, until his shaggy coat from his nose to his tail, was covered with molasses, dirt, and gravel stones! There he caroused in the sweet pool, as cats roll and tumble in a field of the catnip herb. All at once Mr. Bear became sick at the stomach! And it was a new sensation to him—something he had never felt before. As he grew worse, he thought of his master and mistress, and so crept upstairs to ask for their consolation; but they had not returned from church. Then he crawled up another story, and got into the girls' bed, drawing the snowy white sheets over his besmeared form. There he lay grunting and groaning, the sickest bear ever seen in that part of the country.

When the girls arrived they were horrified at the scene, and were going to lay the broomstick over Bruin, when he started on a run for the haymow with the sheets sticking to his back. It was some time before the bear got well, and still longer before his mistress forgave him.

Day by day the little daisy
Looks up with its yellow eye;
Never murmurs, never wishes
It were hanging up on high.
And the air is just as pleasant,
And as bright the sunny sky,
To the daisy by the footpath
As to flowers that bloom on high.

THE aim of an honest man's life is not the happiness which serves only himself but the virtue which is useful to others.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1869.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

ORGANIZING the police and giving them instructions as to their course, especially Joseph's allusions to Brutus and his statement that "we have a Judas in our midst," came to the ears of William Law, who was one of Joseph's counselors. He told Joseph's brother Hyrum that the police had been sworn by Joseph secretly to put him out of the way within three months. In consequence of this a special City Council was called, at which Wm. Law was present. He stated under oath that he had been informed that some of the policemen had had another oath administered to them besides the one which they took publicly. One of them had said there was a Judas in Joseph's cabinet—one who stood next to him and he must be taken care of and not allowed to go into the world; he was not only a traitor like Judas, but an assassin like Brutus.

In the last number we gave you the extract from Joseph's remarks where he spoke of Brutus and Judas, so that you might know what Joseph did say. You can see how utterly false was the statement which William Law said he had heard of those remarks. By referring to them you will notice that Law's name was not mentioned by Joseph.

After William Law had made his statement, Joseph told why he made the remarks he did. O. Porter Rockwell had brought the intelligence that his enemies were determined to get him into their power and take his life, hoping thereby to accomplish the overthrow of the work. That they might do this they had secured the services of some of his most confidential friends, whom he did not suspect, to deliver him into their hands. They did not design to try him, but hang him, or take his life anyhow. If they could not get him into their power without, they had a man in Nauvoo who would fix him out.

The whole day was spent in examining witnesses and investigating the subject. William Law cross-examined the witnesses until he appeared satisfied. The result showed that his fears were imaginary; and, before leaving, he shook hands with Joseph and declared he did not believe a word of the story, but that he would stand by Joseph to the death, and called the whole Council and the police to witness his declaration.

But this matter did not end here. Joseph's statement about having a "right-hand Brutus" caused a general flutter among prominent men who were weak in the faith or were plotting in secret against him. William Marks, the president of the Stake of Nauvoo, was the next to become alarmed; but

he was not alone, William Law's fears had returned, and he was afraid, or pretended to be, of his life.

A man by the name of Leonard Soby, who afterwards became an apostate, had told Marks that his life was threatened.

It was in the winter and the weather was severely cold. Some person had built a fire on the bank of the river nearly opposite Wm. Mark's house. No sooner did he see the fire than he became frightened, and concluded he must be the Brutus to whom Joseph had referred! Tortured by these fears he lay awake all night. His fertile imagination suggested to him that there was an object in building the fire at that place, and that object must be to give the police light so that they could see to kill him! In the morning he called on Joseph, reported the circumstances, expressed his fears and requested that another session of the City Council be called. The Council came together on January 5th, 1844, only two days after they had met before and William Law had declared that he did not believe anything injurious against Joseph and that he would stand by him to the death!

The policemen were sworn, and all the witnesses that could be obtained were cross examined, and with the same result as before. There was not the least ground for the alarm of these men. Their panic did not have its origin in the acts of the police; but in the corruption and hypocrisy of their own hearts. Every man who was at these Councils and had the Spirit of the Lord, could see that these men had lost that Spirit and were in the dark. They were filled with fear, even to distrust the prophet and servant of God, and their best and nearest friends. Brother George A. Smith, who was then a member of the Council in the capacity of Alderman, expressed the feeling that every Latter-day Saint who was present thought that Law and Marks should have had. He said:

"He could sleep with a fire near his house, if there were some of the police warming themselves by it, and he believed any honest man could do the same."

Joseph, in commenting, in his history, upon the course of Law and Marks, says:

"What can be the matter with these men? Is it that the wicked flee when no man pursueth, that hit pigeons always flutter, that drowning men catch at straws, or that Presidents Law and Marks are absolutely traitors to the Church, that my remarks should produce such an excitement in their minds? Can it be possible that the traitor whom Porter Rockwell reports to me as being in correspondence with my Missouri enemies, is one of my own Quorum? The people in the town were astonished. 'Is it possible that Brother Law or Brother Marks is a traitor, and would deliver Brother Joseph into the hands of his enemies in Missouri?' If not, what can be the meaning of all this? 'The righteous are as bold as a lion.'"

Before the Council adjourned Wilson Law, a brother of William Law, and filled with the same spirit as his brother, said:

"I am Joseph's friend; he has no better friend in the world; I am ready to lay down my life for him."

At that time his heart was full of the spirit of posturism and he was in league with Joseph's enemies, and ready to aid them in their schemes. This Wilson Law, like his brother William, had, through his transgressions, become a very wicked, corrupt man, totally destitute of the love and spirit of the gospel, and ready for any dark deed that would bring Joseph and the people into trouble.

(To be Continued.)

It has been related of a Polish prince that he carried in his bosom the picture of his father, which he often looked upon, saying to himself: "Let me do nothing unworthy so excellent a father."

THE justice of God never sleeps.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

MOUNT LEBANON.

WE will now, once more, re-commence our journey up the Jordan. We left the sacred river as it passes through the Sea of Galilee, for a flying visit to Bethlehem and Bashan; but now, if we pursue our journey northwards, we shall soon reach the boundary of the Holy Land and find ourselves in the midst of the mountains of Lebanon.

A few miles to the north of the Sea of Galilee, the Jordan passes through the waters of Mermon, on the banks of which Joshua gained a victory over the inhabitants of the land. A short distance further northward we pass Dan, the most northerly city of Palestine, a place often mentioned by the Hebrews in connection with Beersheba, as expressive of the whole length of their country. Just as a citizen of the United States in times past would say "from Maine to Texas," or as he will probably say in the future, "from Alaska to Florida," so the ancient Israelites used to say "from Dan to Beersheba." We are now in the midst of the mountains of Lebanon, the paradise of the Hebrew poets, the snow clad heights of which, always in the sight of the toilers in Palestine, were, to them, ever present types of the power, the glory and the mercy of God. From every hill top in Central Palestine, from the depths of the Jordan valley, from the lofty table lands of Moab and Bashan, the parched traveler, or weary laborer, could see far away in the northern horizon the pale blue peaks of Lebanon, or the glittering crest of Hermon. And as the cooling breezes from the north, bearing the freshness of the "dews of Hermon" and the sweet "smell of Lebanon," fanned his fevered brow

and moistened his parched lips, his mind stretched out and his soul longed for rest and shade amid their primeval forests, where the cedar, the pine and the evergreen oak reared their heads in strength and beauty; and where, in deep dells, the sweet thyme, orange blossom, damask rose, honeysuckle and myrtle filled the air with their rich perfumes by the streams of ice cold water. Can we deem it strange, then, that prophets spoke and poets wrote of the "glory of Lebanon?"

The name of Lebanon, in the Scriptures, is applied to two distinct ranges of mountains, that run in parallel lines on opposite sides of the valley of Cœle-Syria. These same mountains continue southward, though much less elevated, through the land of the Israelites; one on the east and the other on the west side of the river Jordan. The western range is the Lebanon proper; the eastern range is generally known as Anti Lebanon. Anti meaning "over against," or opposite to. To this last range belong mounts Hermon, Pisgah and Hor, and the mountains of Moab.

The range of Lebanon itself rises from the green meadows of the plain of Esdraelon, and becomes the wooded hills of Galilee, gradually swelling into the picturesque mountains of Naphtali, and at last towering into the majestic ridge of Lebanon, eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

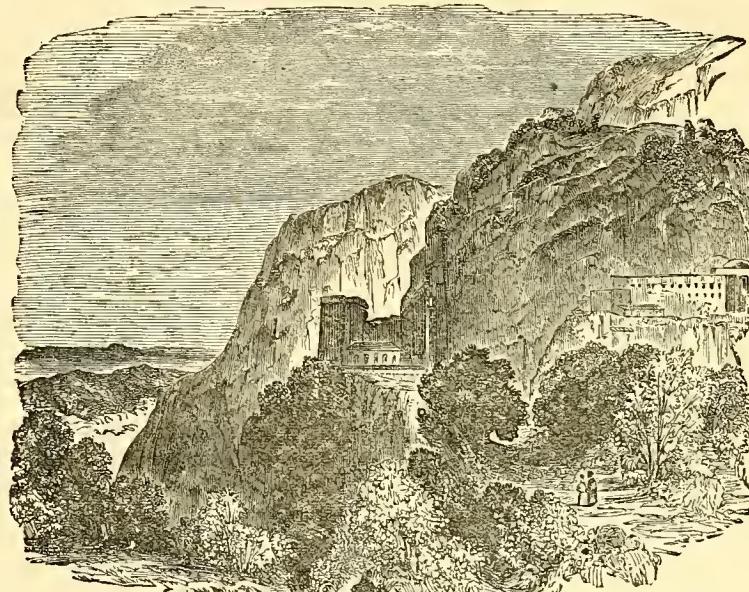
The range of Lebanon is about one hundred miles long, running side by side with the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, but not always at the same distance from its waters. Here and there the rugged roots of the mountains stretch far into the sea, and in other places leave "a strip of plain bordered by a pebbly strand." This plain is now almost without inhabitants, but of old it was not so; powerful cities and a mighty people filled this small stretch of country, whose ships sailed on every sea then known, and whose traders visited every port. This is the Ancient Phœnicia, the great maritime nation of the earth's early days; and within its borders stood Tyre and Sidon, the great commercial centres of that age. "The eastern declivities of Lebanon are steep and rugged; but the western are long and gradually furrowed from top to bottom with wild ravines, and broken everywhere by white cliffs and rugged banks, and tens of thousands of terraces, which rise like stairs from the sea to the snow wreaths. The western declivities are the 'roots of Lebanon,' massive, broad and far-reaching. One can see as he wanders over them how graphic and expressive was the language of Hosea, 'I will be as the dew unto Israel, he shall grow as the lily, and strike forth his roots as Lebanon.'"

"The population of Lebanon is generally estimated at 400,000 souls, residing in more than 600 towns, villages and hamlets. The inhabitants are designated according to their religious faiths, and are known as Moslems, Jews, Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Maronites, and Druzes. Though the Mohammedans are in power, they are not the ruling class in these mountain regions. The Maronites and Druzes form the chief part of the population, and are the hereditary and inveterate foes of each other.

The former occupy chiefly Lebanon, and number about 200,000. They have 82 convents, in which are 2000 monks and nuns, who have a revenue of \$350,000 per annum. Though brave, independent and industrious, the Maronites are illiterate and superstitious, and are subject to the dictation of their clergy in all matters of religion and polities.

"The Druzes occupy the southern half of Lebanon, extending over to Mount Hermon, and out into the Hauran. They are the descendants of Arabs, who came from the eastern confines of Syria about 900 years ago, and now number 100,000. Professedly religious, they are, nevertheless, a political body, and aim at the conquest of Syria. They are thoroughly organized. Their whole country is divided into districts. In each district a weekly council is held, and, by means of delegates, constant communication is maintained between the different branches of their community. In peace, the Druzes are industrious and hospitable; in war, daring and ferocious. In their mountain homes they are readily distinguished from all other sects by their trim beards, and their neatly-folded turbans of spotless white."

Our engraving to-day represents Mount Lebanon; in our next we hope to give a view of its far-famed cedars, and tell you some little about these trees and their history. G. R.



For the Juvenile Instructor.

Chemistry of Common Things.

E L E M E N T S .

CONTINUED.

ALTHOUGH there are upwards of sixty elementary substances, they need not all be mentioned here, as a large number of them will not claim our attention at present. Those only will be named that may be necessary to enable the student to comprehend the nature and composition of a vast quantity of bodies, of which no correct conception can be formed without a knowledge of their constituents. And they will be named in that order which will give a general idea of their importance in natural operations, either by reason of their abundance or utility. Of non-metallic elements: first, oxygen, second, hydrogen; third, nitrogen; fourth, carbon; fifth, chlorine; sixth, sulphur; seventh, phosphorous; eighth, silicon; ninth, fluorine. Of metallic elements: first, calcium; second, magnesium; third, potassium, fourth sodium; fifth, iron; sixth, aluminium; seventh, gold; eighth, silver; ninth, copper; tenth, tin; eleventh, lead; twelfth, zinc; thirteenth, mercury. Without the first four elements neither animal, vegetable nor mineral existence, as at present constituted, would be found upon the earth. Vegetation is dependent for its being upon the presence of carbon in the atmosphere; animal life, as was stated, owes its existence to the presence of nitrogen. Without aluminium (the base of clay), and silicon (the base of silica, or flint), the rocks of the earth would have no existence in their present form; without oxygen the metals could not exist in any other than the metallic state; without hydrogen no water could exist upon this planet. Even man, the masterpiece of creation, depends for his existence upon the presence of a few elements: viz., the nine non-metallic elements, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, chlorine, sulphur, phosphorous, silicon and fluorine; and the first five metallic elements, calcium (lime), magnesium (magnesia), potassium (potash), sodium (soda, as in common salt) and iron.

Let us glance for a moment at the earth, and see its principal component parts. Oxygen forms one-fifth of the volume of the atmosphere; *one-third* by measure of the water; that is, of the gases of which water is composed. Think of the mighty ocean, all the lakes and rivers, the blood circulating through the veins of hundreds of millions of human beings, to say nothing of all other animal and vegetable beings, which are principally composed of water. Then, again, the immense reservoirs of water locked up in the springs beneath the earth; the waters of crystallization, which form a large part of even the hardest rocks, the immense quantities of aqueous vapor floating in the atmosphere, all dependent for existence upon oxygen, which forms such a large proportion. Then remember that it is stated that "silica forms nearly half the entire mineral crust of the earth;" more than half that silica being oxygen; making oxygen one-fourth part of the solid part of the earth, as well as so abundant in the liquid and gaseous parts. Even this does not give us a full conception of the importance of oxygen, as regards quantity. Then, when we take the hydrogen into consideration, we find that the bulk of the earth is composed of gases; to which, also, may be added, nitrogen, a gaseous body also, forming four-fifths of the air by which the earth is surrounded. Add to these gases the carbon, silica and calcium, which enter into the composition of

things and we have the bulk of the earth, all but a few metals, which we shall enumerate when necessary, the most important of which is iron.

Now, if we would like to know how to demonstrate the existence of these things, and to understand their philosophy, chemistry will inform us. We may also learn how to imitate the operations of nature ourselves, if we please; or, at the least, to comprehend the manipulations of others. Although we may not be able take a piece of the rough limestone from our northern mountains and convert it into the curious metal, calcium, or a piece of common clay, and convert it into the beautiful metal, aluminium, we may understand how it is done by others. If we cannot take the crude sulphur, found in abundance in this Territory, and make it into sulphuric acid, as Brother Pyper has done, we may learn how this is accomplished, the uses of the acid, how necessary it is to our progress in the arts and to our prosperity as a people. So of other manufactures; we may know their nature, history and application. We may learn, dear children, if we will, how to become amateur chemists. With this object in view, we shall begin to enquire what the elements are, in our next, beginning with oxygen.

BETH.

(*To be Continued.*)

T W E N T Y Y E A R S A G O .

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER X.

WE moved to the spring that afternoon. The next day Gen. Rich and three of our company started for the mountains, with the intention of taking a view from them of the country westward. The day wore away, and, as night approached, we looked eagerly for their return; but it was long after nightfall before they reached our camp. In the descent of the mountain they had heard hollering, which the men wanted to reply to, thinking that it must be some of our company searching for them; but Brother Rich checked them, and it was well he did so. They were Indians. Shortly afterwards they saw a fire, and when they got within a few feet of it, there sat an Indian. It was so dark he could not see them.

This view from the mountain satisfied Brother Rich that this was not the route for us to travel. He came back to camp with his mind fully made up to strike for the Spanish Trail. The country westward was high and sterile, with, to all appearance, but little grass. After hearing the description of the country and Brother Rich's feelings, our company were unanimous in their decision to turn in the direction of the Spanish Trail. The next morning Captain Smith came over to our camp to learn from General Rich what he had seen and his opinion about the route. When he learned our determination it did not shake him in the least. He swore by the gods he would go straight ahead, if he died in the attempt. Said he: "if you do not hear from me, you may know that I died with my face westward, and not before I have eaten some mule meat."

These were brave words, and were designed to draw a contrast between, what he thought was, our lack of perseverance and courage, and the pluck, energy and unyielding resolution which he and his men possessed. They had, however, but little effect upon us. To our minds it was no evidence of bravery in a man to plunge himself into the midst of difficulties, to expose his life unnecessarily, or to brave starvation and dangers when they could be honorably avoided. It was with no disposition to flinch, or to back out that we came to the conclusion

to no longer pursue this route; but prudence and wisdom alike forbade our persistence in that direction.

We called this spot "Division Spring;" for here we separated. With the exception of one or two, all the men not belonging to the Church, who had joined our company, left us and went with Captain Smith. Some two or three of his men, who had become members of the Church, at Salt Lake City, left him and joined us. We parted with the best of feelings, each one believing his way to be the best. As it will be interesting to my readers to know what became of Captain Smith and his company, I will here relate what I afterwards learned respecting them. The morning we separated they pursued their way westward, and after traveling that day and part of the next without finding water, they became alarmed, and concluded to return to "Division Spring." They reached there in a very exhausted condition, and some of them would likely have perished before arriving there, had they not killed a mare and drank its blood! By this time Smith had either forgotten his oath, or thought dying with his face westward was not so pleasant as he had imagined it would be; for he and some of his men decided upon taking the back track.

The route over which they and we had traveled in company, bad as it was, they preferred rather than encounter the horrors of the unknown wilds west of "Division Spring." They might have followed us, but their pride revolted at this. They never stopped going eastward until they met a company of our people—I think it was Major Howard Egan and party—who were on their way to California. This was after they had got inside of the Rim of the Basin. They furnished Smith and his men provisions and carried them through to California, where they arrived some time after we had been there.

When Captain Smith and his company reached "Division Spring" on their return from the desert, some of the men who had been following up our trail, determined they would not go East. So eleven of them, including some members of Smith's company, resolved to form a company of their own. Their destination was California, and in that direction they were determined to travel at all hazards. They packed up all the provisions they had, which was not much, and a little bedding, and their guns and ammunition, and left every thing else and started out to the westward on foot. As you can readily imagine they suffered terribly. Had they known the country their sufferings would have been comparatively light; but they had to trust to chance to find water. Their food soon failed and they were reduced to the verge of starvation. They were as far from all human succor as if they had been in the midst of the ocean. On every hand desolation reigned supreme, and their only hope consisted in pushing on. When they reached the vicinity of Owens Lake they saw the mighty Sierra Nevada rearing its towering summits to the skies. It then became a question of some importance what course they should take to surmount this formidable barrier. If they could only succeed in finding an easy passage over it, and their strength did not entirely fail, they might hope to live. But at this point they could not agree upon the route to take.

Nine went in one direction and two in another. The nine never reached the settlements. No tidings of their fate ever came to white men's ears, that I have heard of. How they perished, whether by starvation, by Indians, or to what horrible extremities they were reduced, we can only imagine. The two succeeded in crossing the Sierra Nevada mountains and reached the settlements in California. When they neared the mountains they were so fortunate as to find some acorns which the Indians had *cached* for winter use. This discovery probably saved their lives. During that winter I met with one of these men in the Mariposa mines, and from his own lips learned the story of their dreadful sufferings. While I listened to him, and

thought how narrowly I had escaped a similar fate, I felt thankful to God for His kindness in placing me in circumstances where I could be led by the priesthood; for to the presence of Bro. Rich in our company I attributed our deliverance from severe privations and hardships and probably a horrible death in the desert.

Following in the trail of these eleven came parties from the company which had broken off from Captain Hunt. I cannot write all the particulars of their fate; but they pushed on west, determined that kanyons and deserts should not stop them. Before them to the westward lay California, the land of gold, the El Dorado which they sought, and they were resolved to overcome every obstacle to tread its golden sands, hoping, in the wealth which they should gather there, to obtain a reward for all their sufferings and toils. Whether they met Smith and his party or not as they returned I do not know; but they came to Division Spring and still pressed on.

There is a valley away to the westward of Division Spring which bears to this day the name of Death Valley. It is said to be wholly destitute of water, and though it is some fifty miles long by thirty in breadth, save at two points, it is wholly encircled with mountains, up whose steep sides it is impossible for any but expert climbers to ascend. I can scarcely believe all that is told about this valley, for it is said that no vegetation grows in it, and that shadow of bird or wild beast never darkened its white, glaring surface. But whether this description of it be true or not, there is no doubt about it being a very horrible place. This valley, many of these people who followed our trail reached, lured into its treacherous bosom by the hope of finding water. They reached the centre; but the glaring desert and the dry, barren peaks met their gaze on every hand. Around the valley they wandered, and the children, crying for water, perished at their mothers' breasts. The mothers soon followed, and the men, with swollen tongues, tottered and raved and died. After wandering some time, it is said, the survivors found water in the hollow of a rock in the mountains, and a few finally succeeded in getting through. I have heard it stated that eighty-seven persons, with numbers of animals, perished in this fearful place, and since then it has been called DEATH VALLEY.

(To be Continued.)

THE STORY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Selected from Jacob Abbott's Writings.

[CONTINUED.]

ARNOLD and Andre continued their consultation at Smith's house during the forenoon, and at noon they had arranged all their plans. Then Arnold went away up the river to West Point, to complete his preparations there for surrendering the post, and left Andre in Smith's care, to be taken back down the river that night. But, when night came, Smith said they could not go down in a boat; it was too far. Andre urged him very earnestly to go, but he refused. He said, however, that he would take him across the river by King's Ferry, and go down with him by land, on the eastern side, till they got opposite to the Vulture, and that then he could easily get on board.

This plan was carried into effect.

Andre met with a great variety of adventures on his way; but he succeeded in getting down the river almost to Tarrytown; and there he was stopped by some men who were watching the road. He thought that they were on the British side, for he was now near the British lines so he very inadvertently told them that he was a British officer, and they must let him pass.

They immediately seized him, and searched him. They found papers in his boot, that Arnold had given him, which exposed the whole plot. They immediately sent him a prisoner to the American camp.

Arnold heard that his plot was discovered, while he was at breakfast with two other generals that had unexpectedly come that morning. He learned the news in a letter that was sent him. He ran into his wife's room, and with a face of consternation and despair told her that he must fly for his life, and perhaps she would never see him again. His wife was so terrified that she fainted. He could not, however, stop to aid her, but kissed his little child, who was then sleeping in the room, and rushed out of the house. He hurried down to a little landing that Robinson had near his house, and, jumping into a boat there, he rowed off as fast as he could down the river, and finally succeeded in reaching the Vulture in safety.

The British government rewarded him very generously for his intended treason, though it did not succeed. They voted him about fifty thousand dollars in money, and made him an officer in their army; and he afterward fought against the Americans with great fury until peace was made.

But the British, though they paid him for his treason, despised him for being guilty of it. The officers of the army shunned him, and were unwilling to serve with him, or to keep him company in any way. At length he died, and his memory is held in universal execration by all mankind.

Poor Andre was hung as a spy. Every body sympathized with him, and wished to save him, but, in spite of every effort, he fell a sacrifice to the merciless rules of war.

The war of the American Revolution continued more than nine years. It began in the spring of 1775, and ended in the fall of 1782.

The event which produced the most decided effect in finally leading the English government to give up the contest, and to acknowledge the independence of the American States, was the capture of a large British army in 1781 by the combined forces of the Americans and their allies, the French. The English general who commanded the army was Lord Cornwallis. The Americans and the French gradually surrounded Cornwallis, and shut him up closely in a place called Yorktown, in Virginia, and, after a time, compelled him to surrender. The event is consequently called in history the surrender of Cornwallis. The circumstances of the case were these:

Lord Cornwallis had been engaged in conducting a campaign in North Carolina, and during the summer he had been quite successful. Near the beginning of September he marched northward, and entered Virginia, conquering as he came.

Washington was at this time on the Hudson River, forming plans for attacking Sir Henry Clinton in New York. Clinton was closely shut up in the city, and was apprehensive of an attack from Washington. He was general-in-chief of the British armies in America. Cornwallis was under his command. Accordingly, when he heard that Cornwallis had come into Virginia, he wrote to him immediately to put a large number of his troops on board some vessels, and send them round to New York by sea, for a re-enforcement to New York, in order to defend that city from Washington.

Cornwallis had got his men on board the ships, and they were about ready to sail, when suddenly another letter came, commanding the order. Clinton informed Cornwallis that he had received a large re-enforcement from England and Germany—for the English government had adopted the plan of employing soldiers from Germany to fight for them in this war—and that it was not now necessary to send the re-enforcement. Clinton further said that he wished Cornwallis to select some strong position in Virginia, and fortify himself in it as securely as possible, so that it might form a central point from which to

make incursions into the surrounding country in the course of the ensuing fall and winter. So Cornwallis landed his men again, and prepared to carry these orders into effect.

After examining several places, he finally made choice of the village of Yorktown for his camp. This was a village on the south side of the York River, which is one of the rivers that flow from the westward into the southern part of Chesapeake Bay. The land is generally level in all this part of Virginia, and but little raised above the surface of the rivers. The situation of Yorktown, was, however, somewhat higher; and it was so defended by the river on one side, and by small streams and ravines on the other sides, that it was very easily fortified. Cornwallis threw up intrenchments, consisting of banks of earth, along all the unguarded points around the village, and planted cannon behind them, so as to command every approach. The remains of some of these intrenchments are seen very distinctly on the ground to the present day.

In this camp Cornwallis established himself with his army, which consisted of about seven thousand men, and began to form plans for making incursions into the surrounding country. He was obliged to be somewhat wary in his movements, for General Greene, an American commander, had an army in the vicinity; which, though not so large as that of Cornwallis, was still somewhat formidable. There was also a considerable French force near, under the command of General La Fayette. Cornwallis, however, hoped very soon to receive such an accession to his force that he should be able to accomplish any thing he might desire. There was an English fleet in the West Indies which was now expected in the Chesapeake. As soon as that fleet should arrive, he would become at once, he thought, complete master of the country. So he remained quiet in Yorktown, keeping a good look-out all the time down the river and bay for the arrival of the ships.

(To be Continued.)

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADE.

BY WM. J. POLL.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 2, 5, 9, 10, is good to eat.

My 5, 8, 9, 7, is the name of an actress.

My 1, 2, 5, 9, 7, was a rebel general.

My 6, 5, 8, 8, 10, 2, is what most people enjoy.

My 6, 3, 4, 7, is a bird.

My whole is a city in Utah.

PERSEVERE. Never give up a thing until you have tried it in every possible way.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory

EVERY OTHER SATURDAY.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum \$3 00

Single Copy, for Six Months 1 50

It is expected where agents forward names they will be responsible for the papers thus ordered; and when Cash payments are made, they will please forward them with the letter containing the names of the subscribers.

Elder Wm. H. Shearman, Logan, will act as General Agent for Cache Valley.

Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.